

# PEOPLE & THINGS

## As 1957 moves towards its end I feel certain that the historian and the sentimentalist alike will acclaim it "The Queen's Year." Those who have suddenly decided that the success of Her Majesty's Christmas television broadcast was due to the Queen's critics have obviously forgotten her conquest of Paris last spring. France, the most feminine of nations, acclaimed Britain's Queen for her charm, her sense of history, her taste and her royalty.

The Queen's visit to Canada and the U.S.A. was at once an historical occasion and a personal triumph. As the Queen she won the respect of all Canadians but as a woman she won their hearts.

Most people will agree that the Queen was wise in not pretending, before the television cameras, that she was speaking without notes. Sir Winston Churchill has contended that a speaker without notes shows disrespect to his audience. He goes even further.

"Brandish the notes in their faces!" said the great man. "Convince them that they hold the wisdom of the ancients, the moderns and the futurists and that the audience are lucky to be present."

The Queen showed no sign of nervousness and gave the impression that she was glad to be talking to her people in their homes. The modulation of the voice was excellent, the smile was never forced and there was not a single moment when her vast audience felt any qualms. It was a perfect climax to a triumphant year—The Queen's year!

### Deeds and Words

I UNDERSTAND that Aubrey Davidson-Houston is painting Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick's portrait. The background to the picture will be the Kirkpatrick Library in his Irish home, a valuable and handsome collection which is fascinating Sir Ivone and on which he has spent a good deal of time between his retirement from the Foreign Office and his appointment to I.T.A.

Personally I would like to see a painting of Sir Ivone at the moment when in the Hitler war he was crossing to Eire and was infuriated by a young Irishman in civvies who was blasting and cursing everything British and extolling the good qualities of the Germans. At last Sir Ivone could stand it no longer and asked the Irishman who he was and what he was doing. The answer was: "Hell's delight! I'm a fighter-pilot in the R.A.F., going on leave."

### English Proust?

"At Lady Molly's" which receives Mr. Evelyn Waugh's laconic accolade in our "Books of the Year" today, is the fourth in Mr. Anthony Powell's series "The Music of Time." The first volume was published in 1950. Some critics believe that when the sequence is complete it will rank with Proust's "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu."

Mr. Powell is thinking, he tells me, in terms of about ten volumes; "roughly speaking,

## By ATTICUS

two more about the years before 1939, at least two about the war, and the rest after—"with one to round it all off." "At Lady Molly's" took him two years and three months to write; he has already written about 4,000 words of the next



MR. ANTHONY POWELL

volume, and says he sincerely hopes it won't take as long.

Powell is also known, of course, for his book on John Aubrey; but this, he says, was produced under special circumstances. "It became quite obvious before the war that one wouldn't be able to write a novel after coming out of the Army. So in 1938 I began my notes on Aubrey, and went on with them through the war, on leave—one could actually sit down and enjoy a lot of rather dull sixteenth-century work one would never read normally."

### In Stanislavsky's Shoes

IN the theatre world the post of director of the Moscow Arts Theatre stands high in international esteem. The great Stanislavsky occupied it until his death in 1938 and his co-worker Nemirovich-Danchenko followed him until 1943.

Last week I met Alexander Solodovnikov, the successor to these two theatrical giants. He is here as the guest of Peter Daubeny to conclude arrangements for the visit to London of the Moscow Arts Theatre next May. London will see some of the best Soviet acting in a contemporary play by the dramatist Rachmanoff, and three Chekhov favourites, "The Cherry Orchard," "The Three Sisters" and "Uncle Vanya."

Mr. Solodovnikov has an easy charm and looks younger than his long career can allow. He seems to see as his big task the development of youthful talent to replace those who are now past their best. He reached the Arts Theatre by way of dramatic criticism, the directorship of the Bolshoi (preceding the dear Mr. Chulaki) and a high post in the Ministry of Culture, so he cannot replace Stanislavsky's stage experience. I do not doubt, though, that he speaks for Soviet theatrical opinion when he says that what they most want to see in Moscow is our Royal Ballet.

### Two Governors

THERE can be nothing but praise for the courage and vision displayed by Sir Hugh Foot when he walked un-

guarded in the streets of Nicosia. That gesture spoke in its simplicity for peace in the troubled island. But need admiration for the new Governor be accompanied by the denigration of Sir John Harding? When the Field-Marshal went there the violence was out of hand. To have killed Sir John would have been a double triumph for the terrorists since it would have done away with the political and military chief in one shot.

Sir Hugh Foot himself said the other day: "If shooting re-starts, we shall have to carry out our primary duty to maintain order." There should be nothing but gratitude to the devoted soldier who took on a distasteful task, success in which made Sir Hugh's gesture possible.

### She's She

IF anyone still doubts that the U.S.A. cherishes a matriarchal society, I offer for his consideration the fact that a new directory, entitled "Who's Who of American Women," is to be published in February. It will, I am told, list the "biographical details and accomplishments" of 19,000 women.

This new "Who's Who" is not a diagram of the social tree. These are working women, and according to the publisher, "a woman does not need to be nationally known to qualify for listing. All she needs is a record of achievement which distinguishes her among women." A sample of the entrants' occupations, initial "A," includes a test pilot, radar technician, horse-trainer, missionary, textile consultant, home economist, medical illustrator, author, actress, director, research biochemist, weaver, psychologist, editor, and president of a Stock Exchange firm.

### A Generous Present

AFTER Christmas we write our "thank yous," so let me pay tribute to Mrs. Reginald Fellows for the indefinite loan of her house to Sir Anthony and Lady Eden. This new

home is near Newbury and has 200 acres of grounds. Among its attractions are a lift and a small movie theatre.

Sir Anthony left a gap in Parliament and public life which no other man can fill. We who live in London will be glad to have him nearer to us and our sympathy goes out to him and Lady Eden in the illness which is delaying their move.

## People and Words in 1957

A selection of some of the more amusing and stimulating remarks of the past year.

It has always been easy to hate and destroy. To build and to cherish is much more difficult.

—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

When you mention statistics these days, people always think that you mean a set of three figures to describe one figure.

—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

In diplomacy, as in war, I try to respect the principle that you should always give your enemy a line of retreat if you can.

—PRESIDENT EISENHOWER.

There is nothing to be ashamed of in getting to the top.

—MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN.

Not for one moment do I think that the purpose of the American State Department is to make friends.

—MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES.

Reason has never played such a large part in international affairs as emotion.

—LADY BRIDGES, C.M.

A diplomat is a person who tries to solve complicated problems which would never have arisen if there were no diplomats.

—MR. PER FREHENSEN, Norwegian Ambassador to Great Britain.

I had no idea what a Bank Holiday in England was like until I tried to telephone a Government department.

—MR. ADAM STEVENSON.

There is a jolly good case agains any tax in this country. I cannot think of one that I could no riddle with criticism.

—THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Diaries are dangerous things Perhaps, like love-letters, they should be torn up the following morning.

—Field-Marshal Lord ALANBROOKE.  
Make your first million by the time you are twenty-one. Other